

Miss L. C. Austin.

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BIOGRAPHICAL.

Charles G. Haines.

Original.

CHARLES GLIDDEN HAINES was born at Canterbury, N. H. on the 24th Jan. 1792.—He was the son of Samuel Haines and Hannah, daughter of Jonathan Johnson of Rowley, Mass. His father, who is still living, was an industrious farmer and worthy citizen, naturally endowed with a strong mind, and noted among his neighbors for his peculiar habits of thought and eccentricities of character. With him, Charles remained for the first thirteen years of his life. In the summer, he worked upon the farm, and performed all the other duties which would naturally devolve upon a young lad in a large family. In the winter, he attended the district school, and was, very early in life, distinguished for the almost precocious development of his intellectual powers. He was extremely fond of books, studied early and late, and devoured indiscriminately, every volume on every subject, which chance threw in his way.

It is not intended, however, to say that young Charles spent none of his time in those sports and recreations, which are so eagerly engaged in by youth in general. He always, as we are informed by a member of his family who has furnished us with much information relative to his early life, evinced a fondness for military display. Repeatedly, before his fourteenth year, was he called upon to officiate as Captain of one of those mimic train-bands, which Carter has so beautifully characterised ;

"At beat of drum the sword and armor sheen,
The mimic train band form upon the green,
With snowy frock and trowsers trimmed with red,
And blood-tipt feather nodding on his head,
The youthful soldier struts and slaps with pride,
The jetty box, suspended at his side ;
While o'er him waves the motto'd flag of stars,
Which join in friendship Mercury and Mars.
Meantime the captain, of his station proud,
Unsheathes his sword, and gives the word aloud ;
Along the line with gait majestic walks,
And much of discipline and order talks ;
Observes the rogue, and sternly reprimands,
Who turns his head or disobeys commands ;
Then calls subalterns to the grave debate,
And tells of tactics used in every state,
Explains what code, the English corps adopts,
And which the mighty power of Gallia props.
Proud was this Chief of Boys, and happier far,
Than Europe's scourge, and thunderbolt of war,
Who terror struck to prostrate prince and throne,
In every clime from Wolga to the Rhone,
Reigned haughtiest monarch of the world awhile,
Then sunk the tenant of a little isle."

In other sports, common to lads of his age, young Haines was rarely known to engage.

At the age of thirteen, Charles entered the office of Philip Carrigain, Esq., then secretary

of state. Here his employment was chiefly that of a copyist, and here he spent some of the happiest days of his life. Contemporary with him in the secretary's office, were the accomplished scholar and amiable man, Nathaniel H. Carter, Richard Bartlett, late secretary of state and G. W. Crockett, a respectable merchant in Boston. He remained in this situation till 1809, when Col. Carrigain was reformed out of office by a change of parties ; he, of course, sharing the fortunes of his principal. Of his studies and favorite pursuits during this interesting period of his life, no better account can be given, than in the words of Col. Carrigain himself. We had addressed a letter to that gentleman for information, from whose reply, the following is extracted :

"Charles G. Haines' favorite studies were (while with me and long after,) History, and the Belles Lettres. These were however by my recommendation. In early life, he discovered a strong propensity for prose composition, and as I was anxious he should read, before he undertook to write, (many authors begin at the other end,) I knew these studies, the most auxiliary to success, while pursuing his favorite bias and inclination, from which neither business or pleasure could divert him.—Every moment he could steal from his studies, and labors, (and from the latter he could steal as much time as he pleased, for he had not a hard master) he devoted to exercises in composition : till by wonderful diligence, and perseverance, he was enabled to write, as well as speak, with great fluency, propriety and elegance ; and what is of some consequence though far less, he was almost unrivalled for the rapidity, and elegance of his penmanship.

Immediately after he left me, he was patronized by my friend the Hon. Joseph Whipple, then Collector of the Revenue at Portsmouth. In those days, I spent much of my time in Portsmouth, and Charles always spent his evenings with me—concealing nothing from me—and desiring examination of his compositions, and entreating my corrections ; which he ever bore with perfect good humor, although he sometimes thought them, and probably with justice, unreasonably severe. As I loved him with great solicitude, I was desirous for his good, to check his writing. (I might as well say as you are a Latinist) his cacoethes scribendi, and encourage his reading. But when a current sets so strong, no dam can arrest it.

Charles did not wish to make any other proficiency in the dead languages, than merely to pass the superficial examinations, usual in our Colleges—The *O Logos*, the study of the Greek Testament, was to him turning the Grindstone. But he was not insensible to the beauties of Virgil, and Horace, and no one of his taste, and genius could be.

I learned him to love and repeat the close of Virgil's 4th Georgick ; lines superior to any others ever written in any language, age, or country :—

Hæc super arborum cultu pecorumque canebam,
Et super arboribus : Caesar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphratem bello, victorque volentes
Per populos dat jura, viamque afflatat Olympo.
Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis oti : &c.

The second Ode of the second Book of Horace was also his favorite—commencing with

Nullus argento color est, avaris,
and although '*Vivet extento Proculus æro*' is not applicable to the dear departed—the third and last line in the same verse is prophetic.

Illumaget penna, metuentes solvi
Fama superstes.

When in Portsmouth I tried to introduce him to elegant female society, and to social, and convivial parties, but in vain—I wished to divert and turn him from such intense application, which I was fearful would injure his health. But his whole soul was absorbed in the ambition for mental improvement. He never kept any bad company (male or female) or bad hours, except devoting thousands to intense study, that should have been devoted to sleep. In fact, Charles and my other dear departed friend Nathl. H. Carter who was contemporary with Charles in my office, both died the victims of incessant application, unmingled with those relaxing dissipations, and amusements that nature requires. Though Charles' ambition was unbounded, and he was full of political zeal ; he was always on the most pleasant terms with his political opponents.—His disposition was not only amiable ; it was remarkably amiable, and the purity of his morals was equal to the amiableness of his disposition."

In the office of Mr. Whipple, the collector of Portsmouth, Mr. Haines remained about two years. He was occupied in pursuing still more vigorously the studies which he had commenced under Col. Carrigain, and with a more particular view to the acquisition of a liberal education. To obtain such an education, Charles had to depend almost entirely upon his own exertions. He did, indeed, receive some assistance from his friends, but without the most untiring perseverance on his own part, he could never have effected his object. He taught school several winters at Concord and Gilmanton N. H. and Reading Mass. About the year 1808, he co-operated with his friend Carter in establishing an association of young men in Concord for the purpose of forming a library for mutual improvement. Before this society, he delivered a public address in August 1811.

Reference has been made to his political zeal. Haines did indeed enter, early and zealously, into the arena of party strife. His connections, and his inclinations prompted him to embrace the republican side, and following his natural bent for composition, he soon became a rapid and prolific writer of newspaper essays. In 1809, and again in 1811, on the anniversary of our national independence, he de-

livered an oration before the democrats of Concord. His performance on one of these occasions was published, and whilst it evinces the ardour of his feelings, is certainly creditable to his good taste and judgment.

In 1811 and 1812, Mr. Haines was actively engaged in preparing himself for college, at Gilmanton Academy, under the instruction of Mr. Mack, then principal of that institution.—In the latter year, on the 4th of July, he officiated as the orator of the day for the republicans of that town. He finally, in 1812, at the age of twenty, was admitted a member of Middlebury College. He passed through the usual routine of academic study with great credit, and was graduated in 1816.

His health having become feeble from his intense application, Mr. Haines was induced to take a journey on horseback. He carried letters from Gov. Galusha to Sylvanus Miller Esq. and other eminent men in New York, by whom he was received with great kindness and cordiality. Having continued his journey as far as Pittsburg Pa., he returned to Middlebury, and entered the office of Hon. Horatio Seymour, as a student at law. He also became an assistant editor of the leading political journal of Vermont, nourishing his love for party warfare and political conflicts. He was also appointed by Gov. Galusha, who had taken much interest in Mr. Haines, one of his aids-de-camp, another circumstance, which served to fix his character, and influence his future life.

In 1818, he again visited New York with a view to his permanent establishment in that great city. By the influence of his friend, Judge Miller, he was introduced to the office of Pierre C. Van Wyck Esq. to pursue the study of his profession. At that period, the contest between the friends of Tompkins and Clinton was at its height. Mr. Haines, from his own inclination and from the influence of his friends, embraced the cause of the latter.—He embraced it, too, with the greatest zeal, for his was not a nature to be content with partial devotion; his whole energies, or none, must be engaged.

He was about this period, appointed to the confidential station of private secretary to Gov. Clinton: an office which necessarily made him an inmate of his family, the repository of his secrets and his intimate friend. He became acquainted with all the schemes of the party to which he belonged, and identifying himself with its interests, he labored earnestly for its success. He wrote almost incessantly on topics of local and immediate interest, for the papers. Nor did he confine his efforts to these more perishable channels of intelligence. Being a friend to the canal policy, which was in fact only another name for the Clintonian policy, he published, a few months after his arrival in the state, a pamphlet entitled "Considerations on the Great Western Canal," in which he took an elaborate view of its probable expense and advantages. This was afterwards, within one year, twice republished by the New York Corresponding Association for the promotion of Internal Improvements. He also in 1819, produced a pamphlet, entitled "An Appeal to the state of New York, on the

expediency of abolishing the Council of Appointment," a measure which was carried into effect not long after. In 1822, he published a larger work entitled "Public Documents relating to the New York Canals."

In 1821, he was admitted to the bar. Feeling his own deficiency in legal acquirements, and the incompatibility of political strife with rigid and studious application to his profession, he labored most assiduously to increase his knowledge. Being remarkably fond of the pen, he made use of it as an efficient aid in the completion of his education. He made copious extracts, indexes and references, and prepared labored abstracts of the most useful text books. To these he added his own remarks, and left behind him a vast quantity of matter of this description. He took great interest in the establishment of the United States Law Journal, which was published at New York in 1822 and 1823. The principal articles, which he himself furnished for this periodical, were those on "Penal Jurisprudence" and "Equity Jurisprudence in the state of New York."

In 1824, he was admitted as a counsellor of the Supreme Court at Washington. Being retained in the important case of Ogden vs. Saunders, which involved the constitutionality of the state bankrupt laws, and on the decision of which, depended the fortunes of thousands, he made a most vigorous, manly, elaborate argument, which was afterwards printed, and which does equal credit to his industry, his learning and his good sense.

But nothing was farther from his intention than to become a mere lawyer; he wished to use his profession, not for the acquisition of wealth, but of fame. He applied himself laboriously to the science of government; it was his ambition to become a politician, in the enlarged sense of the term; not such an one as are those, whose views are bounded by the limits of a party, but one who understands thoroughly the principles of our national and state constitutions. To this end, all his studies and efforts were directed, and we cannot conjecture, where he would have paused in his career, had he not been stayed by the ruthless hand of death.

He zealously cultivated his talents at public speaking, and although not remarkable for the grace of his manner or the excellence of his voice, he was possessed of an uncommon fluency of speech, and his declamatory style was admirably adapted to rouse the slumbers or restrain the passions of a popular assembly.—He was repeatedly called upon to deliver addresses on occasions of prominent interest and always responded to the call. He generally wrote out his speech at length, and, not contenting himself with a hasty performance or a few extemporaneous remarks, always acquainted himself fully with his subject, and hence never disappointed the expectations of his friends.

He was active in the promotion of matters of public benefit, and gave his time, his labor and his money to aid in the promotion of benevolence, morality and good order. He wrote and spoke much on the subjects of Pauperism and the Penitentiary System, was a trustee of the Free School Society, and a manager of the

Agricultural Society. In 1823, he made a celebrated address before a meeting of three thousand merchants on the regulation of the Auction system by Congress, which was afterwards published.

But Mr. Haines at no period of his short career, was entirely withdrawn from the influence of politics. In 1822, his friend and patron Mr. Clinton was defeated by an overwhelming majority. Many who had fawned upon him when in prosperity, now deserted him, but it was the time for his real friends to prove their attachment. The exertions of Mr. Haines, to his honor be it spoken, were redoubled.—He put in operation every engine which might be pressed into his service. Taking advantage of several unpopular and indiscreet measures of the dominant party, he wrote for the papers, he called meetings, he introduced resolutions, he made speeches. Our space will not permit us to enter into detail in relation to these efforts. Suffice it to say, that he was a principal agent in calling the great convention at Utica, which nominated De Witt Clinton for governor. To this body, he was returned as a delegate from Richmond co., and made two lengthy speeches in support of his favorite candidate, which were afterwards published.

In November 1824, Mr. Clinton was elected, and Mr. Haines was a candidate for Congress. There being three tickets, he was unsuccessful. In Jan. 1825, he was appointed by the Governor, Adjutant General of the state, an office for which he was well fitted by his knowledge of military affairs. He never entered upon the discharge of his duties.

He had been for some time engaged upon an extensive work on the nature and form of our government. It was designed as a text book for the statesmen of our country, and in it was investigated the theory and relations of our national and state governments. He was to receive the assistance of many eminent men, and the book was to be dedicated, by permission, to General Lafayette. His unremitting labors in this undertaking proved too much for his constitution. In the fall of 1824, he ruptured a blood vessel, but anxious to complete his task he continued to write, in opposition to the remonstrances of his friends. After much persuasion, he was finally induced in the spring to make the experiment of a voyage to Charleston, S. C. But it was too late for relief from such a source, and, as was afterwards the case with his friend Carter, he was injured, rather than relieved by the voyage. He returned to New York, and, after lingering a few months, he expired on the 3d of July, 1825, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

Gen. Haines is described by one who knew him well, as being in person, tall, erect, and commanding. His features were large and regular, his forehead high, and his large blue eyes shone with the natural mildness and benevolence of his character. He died greatly lamented; his friends were numerous, and were found among all classes and in both political parties; yet when he came to New York, he came poor and unknown. The secret of his astonishing popularity and the unbounded influence which, while so young, he acquired, consisted in his ardent attachment to his friends,

in his industry and devotion to his preconceived purposes, and in the indefatigable perseverance combined with enthusiasm, with which he pursued his ends. He was generous, open, frank and magnanimous. His mind abhorred a dishonorable action, or an approach to dissimulation:

Justum et tenacem propositi virum.

In the success which greeted his efforts, the young men of America have a noble example, a copy worthy of imitation. He is a model of an American self-made man.

While attending the supreme Court at Washington in 1824, he obtained from the celebrated Irish patriot and barrister, Emmet, then his fellow boarder, the particulars of his life, which with his accustomed promptness, he committed to paper. This was published in 1829, with a Biography of its amiable author, understood to be from the pen of Charles Walker Esq. a native of Concord, and a lawyer of New York. We have made free use of this Memoir in compiling the present sketch.

An Old Story, Told Over.

Original.

When one is desirous of receiving a favor from another individual, it is observable that there are two ways, in which he approaches the subject. The one is, by making a draft upon his feelings of generosity and gratitude; by recounting or calling to mind, in an incidental manner, of course, or as Jack Downing would say, in a *slantendicular* way, benefits conferred, as an offset to the favors desired.—Another, and perhaps the most natural, is to flatter the individual, upon whom we have designs; to appeal, as Phrenologists would say, to his Love of Approbation; for after getting a man into good humor with himself, you may be sure he will be very apt to be so with others. Thus Croesus, when he had an ambition to be adjudged the happiest of mortals, and that too by the wisdom of Solon, (an ambition which of itself, proved the reverse) first took the philosopher into his treasury, opened to his wondering eyes his bags of money, his chests of gold, his caskets of diamonds and his boxes of jewels, the fruits of long years of war, rapine and conquest. Then, having as he supposed, filled the sage to overflowing with wonderment, caused his mouth to water and his eyes to glisten at the sight of wealth far beyond his utmost conception of riches, and having made him fully sensible how great and powerful, and of course how happy a man, he saw in the owner of all this treasure, he proceeds to appeal to his vanity. He, *he*, the richest of mortals, the old Lydian himself whose name has come down to the latest times as a synonym of overflowing, transcendent abundance, as the Stephen Girard and Gardiner Greene, the Barings and the Rothchilds of ancient day, condescended to eulogize the humble philosopher. He told him how far his fame had extended, that his praise was in all the nations, that he had heard of him long before his arrival as a prodigy of wisdom, as one who spent his days in travel to increase his store of knowledge and experience. After thus daubing on the mortar in a style more befitting a

courtier than a prince, he puts him the question—bluntly. Whom of all persons that you have seen in your travels, do you consider the happiest man? Here was a stumper—there was no escape, no evasion, no get-off—an answer must be forthcoming. Most people perhaps would have found little difficulty; the prospect of future favors—the rich perspective of coffers and money-bags, which they had just enjoyed, as well as the flattery, and the other inducement with which we begun, the benefits received already, for Solon had been feasted and honored in the palace of Croesus, would have drowned the still small voice of an obstinate conscience, if indeed any opposition had proceeded from that quarter in so small a matter.

But not so the wise man of Athens—with him the temptation was harmless—no inducement could have been found sufficient to swerve him from the truth. He promptly and plainly made answer to the query of the king—Tellus, the Athenian. Tellus! repeated his royal listener with mingled astonishment and vexation, who is this Tellus, and how do you adjudge him the happiest of men? Has he wealth like mine? has he power like mine? has he fame like mine? Can he place himself at the head of five hundred thousand men, such as I have, prepared for war at this very moment? Can he fit out and maintain such an army as this, without visibly encroaching upon the contents of his treasury? Who is this Tellus of whom you speak?

He is none of all these, O King, but he *was* a poor private citizen of Athens. He lived contented; he lived when the city flourished; he raised up many children, and lived to see them all with their children in happy, thriving circumstances; at an advanced age, he went forth to meet his country's enemies—he did great execution, he put many to flight—he fell covered with wounds; and upon the very spot was he buried at his country's expense, and honors were offered up to his memory. Him, O Croesus, I believe to have been the happiest of mankind!

This was a severe lesson, but one which the haughty monarch did not soon forget, and which, in fact, eventually proved the means of saving his life. For when his capital was taken, his treasury sacked, his riches taken from him, and himself placed upon the funeral pile, to be burnt alive, he could not conceal the agony which filled his proud soul. On viewing his past life and the mournful and unexpected end to which his hopes, his power, his vast riches, and his much vaunted happiness had arrived, he recalled to mind the mutability of human affairs, and the words and decision of the wise man of Greece returned upon his memory. In the midst of the flames, he was heard thrice to repeat the name of Solon with mournful, bitter energy. He was inquired the cause, and his hurried relation, rendered doubly impressive by the circumstances under which it was made, so interested his conqueror, that he was rescued from the devouring element and taken into favor.

Superstition is the poetry of life. It is therefore an injury to the poet not to be superstitious.

Culture of Silk. No. 14.

Original.

The following lines by Miss Gould will close these numbers for the present. The silkworm's will is a beautiful fiction. No living being, at the last moment, lies down on so soft a pillow, in so splendid a "winding sheet," in so gorgeous a tomb.

The Silk Worm's Will.

By Miss L. F. Gould.

On a plain rush hurdle a silkworm lay
When a proud young princess came that way,
The haughty child of human king
Threw a sidelong glance at the humble thing.
That took with a silent gratitude
From the mulberry leaf her simple food—
And shrunk, half scorn and half disgust,
Away from her sister child of dust;
Declaring she never yet could see
Why a reptile form like this should be,
And that she was not made with nerves so firm,
As, calmly to stand by a 'crawling worm!'

With mute forbearance the silk worm took
The taunting words and the spurning look,
Alike a stranger to self and pride,
She'd no disquiet from aught beside,
And lived of a meekness and peace possessed,
Which these debar from the human breast.
She only wished, for the harsh abuse,
To find some way to become of use
To the haughty daughter of lordly man.
And thus did she lay a noble plan,
To teach her wisdom and make it plain
That the humble worm was not made in vain;
A plan so generous, deep and high,
That to carry it out she must even die!

"No more," said she, "will I drink or eat!
I'll spin and weave me a winding sheet,
To wrap me up from the sun's clear light,
And hide my form from her wounded sight.
In secret then till my end draws nigh,
I'll toil for her; and when I die,
I'll leave behind, as a farewell boon,
To the proud young princess, my whole cocoon,
To be reeled and wove to a shining lace,
And hung in a veil o'er her scornful face!
And when she can calmly draw her breath
Through the very threads that have caused my death,
When she finds, at length, she has nerves so firm,
As to wear the shroud of a crawling worm,
May she bear in mind that she walks in pride
In the winding sheet where the Silkworm died!"

One day Nasir-eddin ascended the pulpit of the mosque, and thus addressed the congregation: "Oh, true believers! do you know what I am going to say to you?" "No," responded the congregation. "Well then," said he, "there is no use in my speaking to you," and he came down from the pulpit.—He went to preach a second time, and asked the congregation, "Oh, true believers! do you know what I am going to say to you?" "We know," replied the audience. "Ah, as you know it," said he, quitting the pulpit, "why should I take the trouble of telling you?"—When next he came to preach, the congregation resolved to try his powers; and when he asked his usual question, replied, "Some of us know, and some of us do not know." "Very well," said he, "let those who know tell those who do not know."

The Captive Queen's Gift.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

"Let me weep awhile!

Bear with me—give this sudden passion sway!
Thoughts of my son, his cruelty, his guile
Come, as a wind that o'er a reed hath sway;
Till my heart dies with yearnings and sick fears;
Oh! could my life melt from me in these tears!"

SEATED by her embroidery frame, Mary Stuart, the unfortunate queen of Scots, was adding the last silken violet to a rich border of fruit and flowers, which her magic needle had wrought on a robe of thick, orange-colored silk. Her supper stood untasted on a little table at her elbow; and it was not till the twilight had darkened all the brilliant colors into one that she permitted herself a moment's respite—then she turned to the table and placed a bit of food between her lips. With difficulty she swallowed it, pushed the table from her, and threw her graceful form back into her heavy chair. Bright tears gathered in her eyes, and she looked mournfully on the nearly finished robe and murmured, 'It will soon be finished—this sweet hope will no longer cheer me, and then what will occupy my lonely hours? Alas, what a fearful thing it is to be alone with bitter thoughts!'

The unhappy captive wiped the tears from her face, had lights placed by her embroidery frame and again plied her needle, while dark and gloomy retrospections passed through her mind. She thought with painful regret of France, her own dear France, the home of her youth, the land of gayety and chivalry.—While these thoughts occupied her mind her taper fingers lingered on the silk, and large tears rolled down her still round cheeks, and splashed on the rich embroidery over which she bent. A moment and a deep color was breaking into her cheeks, over which the tear drops fell at more distant intervals. She was thinking of Scotland, then of her reception after crossing the channel to take possession of her hereditary crown. She remembered the ridicule her refined accomplishments had excited in the rude people she was called upon to govern; then the warm blood deepened and burned in her cheeks, almost drying the tears that lingered there with its heat. Darnley, the sensual, brutal Darnley was in her mind, the husband on whom she had for a time lavished the wealth of her warm affections; the man who had rewarded her love with infidelity, and her kindness with base ingratitude.—By degrees her cheeks regained their pure white—the muscles of her sweet mouth were working about the corners, and twitching under the white skin; her open forehead contracted itself, and her little hand lay trembling upon the frame with the needle between its fingers. The working of that speaking face told more plainly than words, that the horrid circumstances of Darnley's murder were passing in her imagination; but the remembrance of the foul suspicions that had been attached to herself soon brought back the glow to her cheeks and the peculiar brightness to her eye; her graceful head was erect with the consciousness of perfect innocence. Indeed it is aston-

ishing that the suspicion of murder could rest for a moment on one who had never been found guilty of a single act of cruelty, and who, to her kind and gentle nature, together with a want of firmness, owed all her misfortunes.—In short, the very womanly virtues of Mary Stuart proved the ruin of the queen of Scotland; while the want of those virtues kept the tigress Elizabeth upon the throne of England, and gave her power over the liberty and life of her beautiful cousin. The cunning and duplicity of Elizabeth and her want of feeling were her safety; while the very frankness and gayety of Mary's disposition, expanded as it had unwisely been by a foreign education, helped to work her ruin. A want of proper resolution rather than an unholy passion led to her union with Bothwell. Now she could look back and trace the events that led to that most imprudent step; but when she reflected on that, her thoughts shrunk from it as the plague spot of her life. Now when it presented itself before her in the solitude of her reflections, with an expression of self disgust she dropped her needle, drew back shuddering into her chair and covered her face, as if that could still the consciousness of her self abasement. For some moments she sat, still pressing her hands to her face, while her low sobbing broke the stillness of the apartment; when she arose, and with trembling steps advanced to a table at the head of her couch, on which was a crucifix with a small image of our Saviour exquisitely wrought in silver.

One that had observed the unfortunate queen kneeling before that crucifix in the beautiful humility of her heart, with her streaming eyes fixed earnestly on the silver image, her fingers clasped and the pearls on her slender neck rising and falling with her quick respiration, must have forgiven her worst offences in the certainty of her deep repentance. God forgave them, even though her sincere prayer ascended from a misguided though humble heart. As the energy of her supplication abated, a sweet calmness overspread her features, and she arose with the spirit of a smile beaming in her face, and her fancy hovering round her son, as when a sweet infant she had last seen him. Hope came to her heart again as she thought of him, and with quiet eye she arose and returned to her employment.

The robe was finished, that dear work of months. It was splendidly beautiful; and with a feeling of happiness she had not felt for years the anxious mother took a last look at the bright fabric and exquisite workmanship before she folded it as a present to her son; then she stripped all the rings except the royal signet from her fingers, and substituted a black ribbon for the chain of large pearls that suspended a cross to her neck. 'He will not receive this,' she said sorrowfully, 'they have made the beautiful religion of his mother hateful to him;' and with a deep sigh she replaced the golden cross under her high ruff. Kissing the pearls, she placed them, together with the rings and all the ornaments her captivity had left her, in a small ivory casket, vainly hoping that the next lips that pressed them would be her son's, quivering with love and pity for the

mother who had taken her last ornaments to form a gift worthy of his acceptance.

'He never can know the magnitude of my love for him, the yearning for one look from his eyes which has kept sleep from me and rendered my captivity doubly bitter—he will not know this, but surely he remembers me.—He cannot have forgotten the sweet nights when I slept with him on my bosom, and was awakened in the morning by his dear mouth pressing mine, and his little hands patting my cheeks as he knelt over me—they have not taught him to think me guilty, vile—oh no, I will not think it.' Again the poor queen's frame was shaken with terrible emotion as these thoughts passed within her. She began to write the letter which was to accompany the gift before her agitation had subsided.—Rapidly she penned the outpouring of her maternal love, while quick sobs now and then broke from her lips. Twice she was obliged to press her beautiful eyelids firmly together, and when she unclosed them they were dripping with the tears she had thus striven to send back to their fount. The letter was finished, secured by a band of floss silk and laid on the folded robe, and after again kneeling before her crucifix, Mary placed the package by her pillow, and dropped asleep with her hand upon it.

Touching were the directions Mary gave to her messenger on the following morning. 'Tell the prince,' she said, 'how you have left me, confined in damp apartments without friends and without books, and only indulging in hopes of happiness and freedom when I think of him. Tell him my health is failing under the pressure of affliction, and that I weary the Virgin Mary with entreaties to see him again before I die—and oh!' she added, pressing her beautiful hand on the messenger's arm in her earnestness, 'oh, mark him closely—tell me if he weeps when he reads my letter—if he kisses it or looks sorrowful. Tell me if he is grown tall and comely like,' she could not pronounce the name; but turning her troubled face from the messenger motioned him hastily to withdraw and sunk sobbing into her chair. * * *

The week that her messenger was expected to return from Scotland, the captive queen wandered like an unquiet spirit round the uncomfortable prison-house in which the unjust Elizabeth had confined her. Her employment was forsaken, and scarcely tasting food or indulging in sleep, she spent her time in watching anxiously for the expected news from her son. The morning on which the man arrived she had risen from a restless bed with a heavy depression on her spirits and the sickening sensation of hope deferred at her heart. After her morning orisons she threw open the casement that commanded a view towards Scotland, and descried a horseman in the distance. A faintness came over her when she became sure that it was her messenger. For worlds she could not have spoken, but stood motionless with fixed eyes and white lips watching him till he dismounted. Then she tottered to the door, received between her trembling hands the package he extended, and shut herself in that she might open it alone. With quivering fingers the poor woman unfolded the wrapper

and shook open the contents—a casket fell at her feet, the lid gave way and her own jewels were scattered over the floor. The robe she held was her own gift returned. A faint sickness crept over her frame, the unnatural tightness of her nerves gave way, and with a gasp she fell senseless on the floor.

When Mary's attendant entered the apartment she found her lying like a corpse upon the floor, her beautiful hair scattered in profusion over her pallid face and her black velvet dress lying in folds about her, contrasting strongly with the gorgeous robe still grasped in her hand. The frightened attendant called for assistance and laid her insensible mistress on the couch. It was a long time before a slight quivering of the poor captive's eyelids bespoke returning life. When sufficiently conscious to know that her messenger was at her bedside, she raised herself upon her elbow, and pointing with unsteady finger to the robe and jewels scattered upon the floor she attempted to speak, but could only articulate 'Why?—why?' and fell back on her pillow, still looking in the man's face with such beseeching, heart-broken earnestness that his eyes filled as he said—

'James, your son, refused the gift because it was not directed to him as king, instead of prince, of Scotland.'

A smile, an indescribable smile of agony came into the poor queen's face, a look that said her bruised heart was crushed forever, crushed by her own son.—*Portland Magazine.*

The Sleigh Ride.

As I was going past Mr. Josh. Barter's tavern the other day, I heard a terrible noise in the bar-room—and thinks I, I'll just put my head in and see what is the matter. Whoorah! roared a heap of fellows, here's Johnny Beedle, he'll go, and that makes ten; and haul'd me in among 'em. What's the occasion? says I. A sleigh ride over to Shaw's, (every body goes to Shaw's that goes a sleigh-riding,) with gals, fiddle, and a frolic. Whoorah! says I. I motion, says Dr. Patridge, that every gentleman go right straight now, and get his sleigh and his lady, and meet at Hank's corner; and with another whoorah, we burst out of doors, and scattered. I ran full speed to the widow Bean's. Her daughter Patty is the handsomest gal in Casco Bay. I had given her some broad hints, and only waited for a good chance to pop the question. And out it shall come this very night, says I.

I bounced into the widow Bean's out of breath, and was near catching Patty in the suds. She had just done washing, and wringing out, standing in the midst of tubs, pails, mops, and kettles. She was struck all of a heap at the sight of her spark, and would have blushed nicely, I guess, if she had not been as red as she could be already. A word in your ear, Patty, says I, giving her a wink, and stepping into a corner, and telling her what was brewing. I'll run and borrow the deacon's sleigh, and come back right away, says I. O, you needn't be in such a tearin' hurry, says she, for I've got to shift from top to toe. You see what a pickle I'm in. Ah, Patty, says I, beauty when unadorned, 's adorned the most!

Well, I vow! says Patty, says she. And off I shot, for how was I to follow up such a bold speech? but I cou'dn't help sniggering all the way to the deacon's to think how swimmingly matters were going on. I was so full of this that I entirely forgot to make up a story to fob off on the deacon, till I got almost to the door; for the deacon is sworn enemy to all frolicking, and so is his mare. I'll tell him, says I, I'll tell him I want to carry a grist to mill. But that'll be found out. No matter, so it is after election, as the politicians say.

The deacon gave a mortal squint at my face, when I did my errand—but I was safe behind a shirt collar. He then fell to chewing his cud, and considering. Mother's clean out, says I, both rye and injun. The deacon spit. Well, neighbor, if you are afeard to trust a feller, here's two shillings aforehand. Poh, poh, John, says he, walking up and pocketing the money, not trust you! Now, Joshua, tackle up Sukey. You'll drive the crittur slow, John: and now I think on't, you may bring my grist that is now at the mill—and look sharp at the miller, John, when he strikes the toll measure. It was too late to stick at lies now—so I promised every thing, jumped into the sleigh, and steered to the widow's with flying colors.

It is the height of gentility, you must know, for a lady to make her beau wait as long as possible on such an occasion. I sat over a heap of warm ashes in the widow Bean's parlor, listening to Patty stamping about in her stocking feet, in the chamber over head, for one good hour. Then I stood up to the looking-glass, and frizzled up my hair, changed my shirt pin to a new place, thought over some speeches to make under the buffalo skin, and finally laid a plot to lug in the awful question in a sort of slantindicular fashion.

At last Patty appeared in all her glory. I was just crooking my elbow to lead her out, when in came Mrs. Bean.

Where are you going to, Patty?

A sleigh riding, mother.

What, and leave your cousin Dolly all alone to suck her fingers? A pretty how-d'ye-do, after coming all the way from Saco to see you!

Here was a knock-down argument! All my plans of courting and comfort melted down and ran off in a moment. I saw directly that the widow was resolved to push big Dolly Fisher into my sleigh, whether or no; and there was no remedy, for the widow Bean is a stump that is neither to be got round nor moved out of the way. I said something about the size of the sleigh, but it wou'dnt do—she shut my mouth instantly.

Let me alone, says she—I went a sleighing afore you was born, youngster. If I don't know how to pack a sleigh, who does? Patty Bean, stow yourself away here, and shrink yourself up small. If there isn't room, we must make room, as the fellers used to say.—Now, Dolly, hoist yourself in there.

She tumbled her into the sleigh like a shot from a shovel, or a cart load of pumpkins into a gongola. It was chuck full of her. O, she's a whopper, I tell ye!

Why, Johnny Beedle, says Mrs. Bean, in my day they used to pack layer upon layer.

At this hint I sneaked round to Patty, to be-

gin the second layer in her lap. But the widow was wide awake. She clenched me by the collar, and patting upon Dolly's knees, Here's the driver's seat, says she. Plant your feet flat and firm, niece. Jump up, Johnny—and now, away with her, my lad!

By this time I got so ravin' mad that I could hold in no longer. I fell foul of the old mare, and if I did'nt give it to her about right, then there's none o'me, that's all. The Deacon counted the welts on her side a week afterwards, when he called on me for a reckoning, which was made with chalk upon the upper flap of his every day hat. Sukey not understanding such jokes, took the bit in her teeth, and shot off, right an ceend, like a streak of true Connecticut lightning. Jemini! how we skimmed over it. And the houses, and barns, and the fences, and pig-styes, flew by us like clouds by the moon. Yonder is Hank's corner—Whoorah! and Whoorah! answered all the ladies and gentlemen with one voice. Sukey scared by the noise, turned the corner with a flirt, and the sleigh was bottom upwards in a—! Whoa there, Whoa! The first thing that I knew, I was in the bottom of a snow bank, jammed down under half a ton of Dolly Fisher! I thought I never should see day light again, and when they hauled me out, I left a print in the snow very much like a cocked up hat knocked into the middle of next week, as the sailors say.

Howsoever, no bones were broken. We shook our feathers and crept into our nests again, laughing as loud as the best of them. The sleighs were now formed into a string, the fiddler followed, and away we started on the road to Shaw's—bells jingling, fiddle sounding, and every body screaming for joy.

Peter Shaw heard the racket two miles off; for he was always upon the look out of a moonshiny night. He fell to kicking up a dust in the best room to put it to rights, and when we arrived the floor was swept, the best japan candlesticks paraded, the fire place filled with green wood, and little Ben was anchored close under the jamb, to tug at the broken bellows. No fire appeared, but there were strong symptoms of it, for there was no lack of smoke: and part of it missing the way up chimney, strayed about the room, which gave me a chance to hit off another compliment upon Patty's beauty, as being the cause of drawing the smoke. Every body laughed at the novelty of the idea. But there was no time to chat. As soon as we had taken a swig of the hot stuff all round, we sat the fiddler down by the jamb, took the floor, and went to work might and main, the fiddler keeping time with the bellowses. Not to be prolix, we kept it up, frolicking and drinking hot stuff, till midnight, and while it lasted, the fun was real geniwine, I tell ye. But as I cast a sheep's eye at Patty, I took a notion that she and Siah Golding were rather thick, considerin'—Thinks I, she wants to make me jealous, to spur me on; on seeing them in close confab, as I was cantering down outside, I poked my head between them and cried boo! But the cat was soon out of the bag.—We paid the reckoning—four and sixpence a piece. Think of that. Every body grumbled, but Peter

Shaw did not care. Then followed the crowding of sleighs, taking in the ladies at the door. Such a hubbub and confusion! but when my turn came, lo and behold! Patty Bean was missing, and so was Si Golden! Here is the end of my story: and whoever wants to know the particulars that happened on the ride home must ask Dolly Fisher. The Deacon will tell you what a pickle Sukey came home in, and how much I "paid for the whistle." Finally, whoever went to our meeting house the next Sunday morning, knows very well how Patty Bean and Josiah Golding are to square accounts.

The Nature of Things.

Original.

CONTINUED.

Let us next examine the tables, the banquets the luxuries of the man, whose life was devoted to pleasure. **DIODEGENES LAERTIUS** says, "his diet was the most temperate imaginable;" that "he satisfied himself with the herbs of his garden, intermixed with fruits and the plainest pottage." "Virtue," says **EPICURUS** himself, "is inseparable from a life of happiness, and a life of happiness is equally inseparable from virtue. Be these then and similar precepts the subjects of thy meditations, by day and by night, both when alone and with the friend of thy bosom; and never, whether asleep or awake, shalt thou be oppressed with anxiety, but live as a god among mankind." Let us now see what **Lucretius** says on the subject of temperance near the commencement of his second book:

O wretched mortals! race perverse and blind!
Through what dread dark, what perilous pursuits
Toss ye this round of being! know ye not
Of all ye toil for, nature nothing asks
But, for the body, freedom from disease,
And sweet, unanxious quiet for the mind!
And little claims the body to be sound;
But little serves to strew the paths we tread
With joys beyond e'en nature's utmost wish.

Nothing could be further from the doctrines held by **EPICURUS** and his disciples than luxury, and sensual indulgences. But it was so generally believed, as I have said before, that his name became a synonym for almost every indulgence.

Another point in the **Epicurean** philosophy, supported by **Lucretius** is materialism. He advocates the eternity of matter. But, that matter is eternal was a dogma admitted by all the ancient schools. Reason unaided by Revelation could never discover how this vast and majestic universe could be formed out of nothing. It was a stumbling block over which all the wisdom of the heathen world had stumbled for ages; and with the rest **Lucretius** found it an inextricable riddle, unless matter is eternal; and thus he exclaims:

Admit this truth, that nought from nothing
springs,
And all is clear, developed then, we trace,
Through nature's realm, the rise of things,
Their modes and powers innate; nor need from
heaven
Some god's descent to rule each rising fact.

To the eternity of matter he added all the powers necessary, not only for producing the various phenomena of animal life, but for per-

forming the operations of mind. He saw no necessity for joining an unnatural spirit to matter, to enable it to perform the highest offices of intellect. By the light of nature he had traced matter, "that plastic creature of the Deity" from its rudest forms up to the confines of spiritual existence; from the senseless clod to the transparent crystal, to the sweet scented flower, to the duldest organs of animal irritability, to the active energies of brutal life, and with another step, he seated it on the throne of intellect and reason.

First then we firm maintain the mind results
From seeds of matter, most minute.

These doctrines of **Lucretius** have been amply discussed and incorporated with the scholastic disquisitions that followed the resurrection of science from the slumbers of the dark ages.

The philosophy of **Lucretius** contained also the materials and general outlines of that theory, from which has been reared up and matured the atomic doctrines of the present day. He held that there is an ultimate limit to the divisibility of matter; that the primal seeds of things are indestructible and eternal. The philosophy of **DES CARTES**, which held the ascendancy for a long time on the continent was opposed to this system of **Lucretius** and consequently the Latin poet was thrown into the back ground and suffered to remain in obscurity, until the experiments of modern chymistry demonstrated, almost to a certainty, the conjectures of the Roman Bard.

Neither is a philosophical subject likely to be so popular among the mass of readers. In order to appreciate the beauties and richness of a poem, we must be masters of the subject-matter of which the author treats; we must enter with him in search of his materials; we must follow him through all his investigations. But how few have ever run through all the systems of ancient philosophy, traced out the thousand subtleties of the **Greek Sophists**, and, lifting up the veil of superstition, cast an adventurous glance towards the throne of the **ETERNAL**. Hence we may judge from the nature of the subject that **Lucretius** will never be a favorite with the common class of readers. But to the man of letters, who delights to wander over the classic ground of antiquity, *The Nature of Things* is a treasure of invaluable worth.

Though treating of a philosophical subject, our author has enriched his work with the most beautiful landscapes, similes and delicate allusions; which have been imitated by celebrated poets in all ages and in all languages. The following beautiful simile was introduced to show how knowledge might be acquired by analysis, tracing fact from fact until the whole became unraveled.

A thousand facts crowd round me; to the same
Converging all. But ample these, I ween,
Though but the footsteps of the mighty whole
To fix thy path and guide thee to the rest.

For as the hound, when once the tainted dew
His nostrils taste, pursues the vagrant fox
O'er hills, o'er dales, and drags him from his lair;
So may'st thou trace from fact associate fact,
Through every maze, thro' every doubtful shade,
Till truth's bright form, at length, thy labors crown.

(Book 1st verse 447.)

Self-love often makes us mistake our theories for our principles.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Concord, Friday March 13, 1835.

A valuable scientific article from our friend M., as well as several other communications, are unavoidably postponed to next week.

"Thompsonian Practitioners."

The number, influence and wealth of the class of medical prescribers who are distinguished by the above title is such, and, taking their own assertions for facts, their encroachments upon the regularly educated members of the Profession so great, that, from motives of mere curiosity we have been induced to get some information of what has obtained the dignified appellation of the "**PATENT THOMPSONIAN PRACTICE OF PHYSIC**."

As the facts in our possession may be relied on, having been obtained from the Patent Office at Washington, we think we may subserve the cause of humanity, if not of science, by making them public. For if the new system be so conducive to the health and happiness of mankind as is pretended, it should be brought within the reach of all classes of the community. Comparatively few, very few are able or willing to leave their homes, forego the kind attentions of their families and friends, and subject themselves to the expenses and society of the "**Concord Botanic Infirmary**," if the same remedies could be just as well administered at their own fire side. In doing this we wish it to be understood that we express no opinion as to the merits or demerits of the **Thompsonian System**. We shall on this occasion take neither side, with the "**regulars**" or "**irregulars**;" we assure our friends we are in good health, and to keep ourselves so, we eschew all physic, and advise them to do the same.

It has long been known that the principal remedies used by the **Thompsonian Practitioners** are *Lobelia*, and *Cayenne pepper*, aided by the application of steam. The exclusive privilege of administering them was secured to **Samuel Thompson** of **Cheshire county, New Hampshire**, by Patent, **March 2d, 1813**, which expired on the **2d of March, 1827**. A second patent was granted **Jan. 28, 1823**, which seemed to be only an attempt to prolong the first. The specifications, in both patents being nearly the same, are six in number.

No. 1, is simply the pulverized "**Lobelia**," with directions for gathering, drying and sifting it. The dose is from **10 to 20 grains**

steeped in water and sweetened, or two drachms of common cayenne pepper may be added to a saturated tincture of the green herb, and given in tea spoonful doses, as an emetic.

No. 2, Cayenne Pepper pulverized, dose from 10 to 20 grains in hot water, and sweetened. This is given "to retain the internal vital heat and to assist the operation of the steam."

No. 3, is made of equal parts of Bayberry root bark and hemlock bark, dried and pulverized. One ounce is steeped in a pint of water, given "to scour the stomach and bowels and remove canker."

No. 4, consists of equal parts of Bayberry root bark, and Poplar bark. One ounce to a pint of water and half a pint of spirit. Dose, half a wine glass. To make the "Hot Drops," add a tea spoonful of No. 2.

No. 5, is the strengthening "Sirop" for weak patients. It is made of Poplar bark and Bayberry bark, one pound each. Boil in two gallons of water, strain and add seven pounds of sugar, 1-2 lb. of peach-stone or cherry-stone meats, and 1 gal. Brandy. Dose, 1-2 a wine glass three times a day.

No. 6, is the rheumatick drops, made by infusing in a gallon of alcohol 1 lb. myrrh, and 1 oz. cayenne pepper, and when used as an external application, some spirits of Turpentine is added.

Of the operation of the above remedies, No. 1 is to cleanse the stomach, overpower the cold and promote sweat. No. 2, raises the inward heat. No. 3, is to "scour the stomach and repel the cold." No. 4, to correct the bile and quicken the appetite. No. 5, is to restore the digestive powers. No. 6, cures all varieties of Rheumatism, with its kindred diseases.

A "Nerve powder" is often added to either of the above numbers. It is the wild Valerian root pulverized, sometimes also called moccason root, squaw root, and Ladies slipper. The dose is 1-2 a tea spoonful in molasses and water. In administering a "course" of the Thompsonian medicine, some little variety has obtained among their different practitioners.—The following is the usual series. Take a wine glass of No. 3, twenty grains of No. 2, from 10 to 20 grains of No. 1, and a tea spoonful of the Nerve powder, mixed, and repeated three times at intervals of fifteen minutes; and the same is also given as an injection. If mortification be apprehended, a tea spoonful of No. 6 is added to each dose. When the patient has sufficiently recovered from the operation, the process of raising a perspiration by steam is commenced. This was formerly done by

means of hot stones thrown into water, and the patient was enveloped in the vapor, but now it is by a more convenient apparatus.—This "course," is to be repeated once in 2, 3, or 4 days according to the strength, and patience of the patient, giving during the intermediate days a "vegetable powder," and "vegetable Bitters," the former at night, and the latter before breakfast and dinner, with "hot drops" &c. &c. *pro re nata*. The vegetable powder is made of Bayberry bark 1lb., hemlock bark and ginger each 1-2 lb. Cayenne pepper and Witch Hazle leaves each 1-4 lb., pulverized and mixed. Dose, a tea spoonful in sugar and water, to which is added a tea spoonful of the hot drops.

The Vegetable Bitters are made of equal parts of thorough-wort, and Poplar bark with 1-4 the quantity of worm-wood. To be boiled in a quart of water, sufficient to make a strong tea. This is to be put into a bottle, with one gill of brandy and a tea spoonful of Cayenne pepper. Dose, a wine glass.

The above comprehends all the essentials contained in the specifications lodged in the Patent Office at Washington, and of course embraces, although somewhat curtailed, the gist of the Thompsonian practice.

Many instances have been narrated in the public journals of the fatal effects of this practice, as must sometimes follow its indiscriminate application to all ages, constitutions, and habits. Those interested in its favor assert that these accounts have been falsely represented by the medical Faculty, who, they aver, have risen in arms against it, because it is destroying their practice. This observation cannot apply to the regular Practitioners of this town in regard to the Botanick Infirmary located here; as it is supported chiefly by patients from the neighboring towns, and from greater distances, and does not conflict with their own practice, they appear willing it should stand on its own merits, and by common consent "leave it alone in its glory."

OF THE BALTIMORE YOUNG MEN'S PAPER, we have received two numbers. There are some things about it, to which we could raise objections, but as a whole, it speaks loudly of the taste and discernment of its conductors.—All but one page is, we believe, original matter, in the numbers before us. It might be suggested, however, that a judicious selection is more favorably received, than an ordinary original article. Certainly, the last page of this paper is better occupied by such selections, than by the mis-called *Music*, tunes a little al-

tered, patch'd over, amended, made worse, and christened original, which disfigure many of our literary papers. An impression from one of the stereotype blocks of the Chinese, would be equally as interesting and intelligible to the mass of our citizens.

THE ALEXANDRIAN. The Boston Atlas is, we perceive, out upon this work, which we, a short time since, commended to the attention of our readers, in no measured terms. Whether the article in that paper will have an effect unfavorable to the work in question, is more than we can say—it certainly sounds much like an ebullition from the perplexed brain of some angry Patlander, determined to say something hard, but not knowing how. The writer finds fault, because it is so cheap; the rich, he says, will buy it, instead of purchasing a more costly edition—it is strange, truly, that they should be so obstinate. But stranger still, he informs that the poor, for whom it is professedly intended, will not buy it, for the same reason; no great compliment, we think, to their economy and discernment. We doubt not, that many a young mechanic, will, in spite of the denunciations of the Atlas, and without the fear of weak eyes, from reading such plain type on such good paper, pertinaciously persist in preferring the Curiosities of Literature at 36 cents, to the Curiosities of Literature at three dollars.

AN OLD SAILORS' YARNS. The tales in this volume are well told. The longest, 'Morton,' is particularly good. There are occasionally repetitions which detract from the merits of this book, and a certain affectation of an off-hand manner of moralising, which fits awkwardly. The author, however, tells us in the preface, that the only reason why he did not write like Scott and Irving, was because he could not. It is by Nathaniel Ames, a son of the celebrated statesman Fisher Ames, and grandson of the old almanac-maker and *Philo Math*. Nathaniel Ames, (we like to give the whole pedigree) and the same who wrote those two deservedly popular books, *A Mariner's Sketches*, and *Nautical Reminiscences*. Its amiable author, a gentleman who united the classical scholar to the practical seaman, is now no more. He died the 18th Jan. last, about the time of the appearance of this, his last production,

BENJAMIN LINCOLN, M. D., formerly of Boston, and late professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Burlington College, died at his father's residence in Dennysville Me., on the 26th ult. at the age of 32.

Miscellany.

LOVE AND TIME. It is certainly a most fortunate circumstance that watches and clocks are never in love; for without their interference poor time would indeed be most sadly belied. Every one takes his own fanciful view of the rate that he flies. Suspense makes a moment an age, and joy turns a day to an hour. Ennui lives a life in every week; and whilst idleness chides the slow flight of time, industry murmurs that he escapes her so swiftly. Still old time goes on his own unwearied and unvaried pace, and various are the contrivances which, like faithful emissaries, mark that he does so; and love—even love—must submit to the cold decision of a well-regulated clock. Lovers may scorn at delays that barely exist, and protest, that hours gone by are yet to come; but that dull, insensible minister of time looks on unmoved by his passion.

DRESS OF MIND. On Sunday morning before going to church, what a dressing there is among all classes, and what a stir to appear gay and pleasing? It is quite sufficient for the great purpose of our existence to wash the outside of the platter. Curls may be arranged, fine tortoise shell combs fixed, sparkling ear-rings hung, splendid garments displayed, and yet perhaps the gay fair one's mind may be poisoned with conceit, troubled with rivalry, and kept on the torture by ignorance and vanity. Windsor soap does not wash out stains of the heart. Cologne water cannot throw a fragrance over an impure mind, nor will all the rubies of Golconda dazzle the recording angel into a forgetfulness of filling up the leaves of the book of retribution.

BURKE. Is there any of Cicero's satirical puns half so severe as Mr. Burke's on the word *majesty*? In a conversation on the subject with Dr. Beattie—"Ah, Doctor," said he, "stip *MAJESTY* of its exterior (the first and last letters) and it becomes a *JEST*."

LYING. There was a famous problem among the Stoics, which ran to this purpose: "When a man says 'I lie,' does he lie or does he not? If he lies, he speaks the truth; if he speaks the truth, he lies." Many were the books written upon this wonderful problem: Chrysippus favored the world with no fewer than six; Philetus studied himself to death in his vain efforts to solve it.

A Scotch political economist, being asked the meaning of *metaphysics*, explained it as follows:—"When a party who listen disna ken what the party who speaks disna ken what he means himself,—that is *metaphysics*."

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy in Coleman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied the wit, "since I observed she had a *sty* in them when I saw her last."

A gentleman who married a lackadaisical lady, was visited soon after by an old friend.—The lady, after enlarging into an animated strain upon the pleasures of London, had retired for the night, when his friend exclaimed, "Why, Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be." To which the other replied, with

a shrug, "No she has left that off; she is now *ex-pensive*."

OPULENCE. A rich officer of revenue one day asked a man of wit, what kind of a thing opulence was? "It is a thing," replied the philosopher, "which can give the rascal the advantage over an honest man."

A NEW DEFINITION. A young lady being lately on an examination as to her proficiency in the science of grammar, was asked why the noun bachelor is singular, replied, with great apparent candor, "Because it is very singular they do not get married."

SOFT LIPS. A lady of fashion inscribed on a pane of glass at an inn in Staines, England—"Dear Lord Dorrington has the softest lips that ever pressed beauty." Foote coming into the room soon after, wrote underneath:

"Then as two chips,
Are his head and his lips."

FALSE BOSOMS. "Wife," said a tyrannical husband to his abused consort, "I wish you to make me a pair of false bosoms." "I should think," replied she, "that one bosom as false as yours is, would be sufficient."

Original Poetry.

The Orphan.

Mother, thy boy is kneeling here,
Over the grave where now you rest;
The turf he moistens with a tear,
And, sighing, prays you may be blest.

A stranger now, in life alone,
He hears no pity—breezes mild,
As moaning o'er thy grave they roam,
Breathe coldly on thy orphan child.

Thy smiling eyes that used to beam,
So kindly on thy wayward boy,
Then dancing on in childhood's dream,
Where all was peaceful, blithesome joy—

Thy lips, that oft a mother's love,
Impressed upon his burning cheek,
And taught him, when his passions strove,
To be obedient, calm and meek—

Those eyes are closed—those lips are cold—
And here in death's retreat you sleep!
When shades of night the earth enfold,
O'er thee—thy boy will come and weep.

CLERMONT.

New Hampton, Jan. 1835.

To Cecilia.

By R. F. Bulfinch.

Haste gentle maid, to rural air,
Inhale the sweets of day;
From smoke to smiling fields repair,
And sol's unclouded ray.

No sigh nor murmur haunts the shade,
But blessings crown the plains,
Here sweet contentment, Heavenly maid,
And peace, the seraph, reigns.

The lily and the rose in bloom,
Will soon expanded glow,
And lilac, pregnant with perfume,
For thee, Cecilia, blow.

For thee, the birds sweet music roll,
Each pours his little lay;
And, emblems of thy spotless soul,
The tender lambskins play.

Come, then, dear nymph with placid air
Accept the gift I bring;
Come, let us to the grove repair,
Friendship and love to sing.
Concord, March, 1835.

Battle of the U. S. Ship Wasp and British Ship Avon—a night engagement.

O'er Ocean's wave the sun was low—
The clouds were tinged with crimson glow—
But yet appeared no cruising foe,
Within the misty horizon.

But soon the foe, with banners proud,
Was seen descending through the cloud,
With all the sail he then could crowd,
To seek a gallant enemy.

Columbia's Eagle, perched on high,
Darts on the foe his flaming eye,
And every tar resolves to die,
Or gain another victory.

Behind the wave, descends the sun,
The darkening shades of twilight run;
But neither ship has fired a gun
Within the dusky canopy.

Approaching near, the matches gleam,
The sailor eyes the trembling beam,
That shows, above the sable stream,
The lines of black Artillery.

Till beam to beam, and bore to bore,
Young BLAKELY* bids his thunder roar,
And fiercely on the Britons pour
His chain shot round and canister.†

The Avon feels his rapid fire,
Loud-bursting with redoubled ire,
While o'er the scene, ascending higher,
Wide streams the Flag of LIBERTY.

Till pierced and bored, her shattered side,
No more resists the pressing tide,
She sinks, and with her sinks the pride,
Of Britain's naval sovereignty.

Led by the rending thunder's sound,
And fires that light the concave round
From wave to wave, with eager bound,
Descends a host of enemies.

The victor chief beheld the foe,
In triple force,‡ prepare the blow,
Which threatens to bend his standard low,
Where loom'd shone the Goddess victory.

Night deep'ning round her curtain flings,
The Wasp her course exulting wings,
While glory round her standard clings,
To grace the page of History.

Pembroke, Feb. 1835.

R.

* Young Blakely—The average age of the crew of the Wasp was 23 years, and that of the Captain did not exceed that number.

† Names of shot used in naval warfare.

‡ Three of the enemies' ships came down at the close of the action and threatened the capture of the Wasp.

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